

THE TRIBUNE.

From the American Citizen.
LINES.

Suggested by a visit to the City of Washington in the 12th month of 1845.

By J. G. WHITNEY.

Wrote a cold and wintry note—
On its roofs and sheeples shed,
Shadows weeping with the sun-light
From the gray sky overhead.
Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies the half-built
town—
Through this broad street, realities ever,
Ebb and down a human tide.
With no wave, a living river;
Wealth and fashion side by side,
Toller, Idler, Slave, and Master, the same quick cur-
rent glides.

Underneath you, dome, whose coping
Springs above the vast and tall.
Great—
For the largest, base and small,
Which the hand of Power is scattering—crum-
pling which from its tablet.

Base of heart—
Honor's home for Party's place.

Step by step on Freedom's Charter
Leave the footprints of disgrace;

For the day's poor pitance, turning from the great
hope of their race?

Yet, where the faints are thronging
Glorious forms in a halo;

God-like, like an Angel's flowing

Upon the sun-set sea.

And the low, quick pulse of Music beats its measures

sweet and rare:

There to night shall Woman's glances.

Star-like welcome give to them—

Fawning tools with thy advances.

Seek me, and I'll give to them.

With the tongue of stony gloating deeds which God

and Truth condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision

Takes a broader, sadder range;

Fall before me have arisen;

Other pictures dark and strange,

From the Parting of the Jordan must the scene and wit-

Hark! the heavy heart is swinging

On its hinges, harsh and slow;

One pale prison lamp is dingy

On a fearful group below

Such a light as leaves to terror whate'er it does not

abide.

Playing God—is that a WOMAN?

Is that shriek she utters human?

Underneath the ringing lash?

Are they men whose eyes of madness from that sad

procession flash?

Still the drum beats onward!

With Wealth and Pride.

That without the Stars are looking

On a scene which Earth should hide!

That the SLAVE-ships lie in waiting, rocking on Photo-

matic tide!

Vainly to that mean Ambition

Which uprears the iron hand;

Winds at her bid condition

With a people's sulky crawl,

Shall the pleading voice of sorrow, shall the slave in

anguish call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion

Giving to ideal woe

Graceful luxuriant compassion

Shall the stricken master go;

Hateful seems the narrow, beautiful hol-

low show!

My, my words are all too sweeping;

In this crowded human mart,

Feeling is not dead, but sleeping;

Man's strong will and woman's heart

In the coming strife for Freedom yet shall bear their

hearts!

And from yonder sunny valleys,

Southward in the distance lost,

Freedom yet shall summon allies

Worthier than the North can boast,

With the Evil by their heartbeats grappling at

severer cost.

Now, the heart is willing;

False the heart and weak the knee;

And as not so lip is shrillng;

With the mighty words, "By FAKE!"

Tarrieth long the hand of Good Angel, but his advent is

to be!

Meanwhile turning from the revel

To the prison-cell my sight;

For instance's sake of Right;

With a keen sense of Right,

Shaking off thy dust, I think thee, City of the Slaves,

to night!

To thy duty now and ever;

Dream no more of rest or stay;

Give to Freedom's great endeavor

All thy art and heat to say;

Thus, above the iron's murmur, with a Voice or seems

to say,

With heart and vision glided

To discern and love the Right;

Whose worn faces have been lit

To the glow of Freedom's bright ray;

Whence from Freedom's sunshines drifted slowly back

the mink of night?

Ye who through long years of trial

Still have held your purpose fast,

While a lengthening shade the dial

From the westering sunshine cast;

And hope's faint denials seemed an echo of

the last!

Oh my brothers! oh my sisters!

Would to God that ye were near;

Gazing with me down the vista;

Of a sorrow strange and drear,

Would to God that ye were listening to the Voice I

call to hear!

With the storm above us driving,

False the heart and weak the knee;

Whom shall marvel if thus strung

We have counted friend as foe;

One another giving in the darkness blow for

blow!

Well, it may be that our natures

Have shown storm and mord;

And the freshness of their features

Somewhat harsh and battle-scared,

And their harmonies of feeling overcast and rudely jarred.

Be it so. It should not averse us

To the world and broad breast;

Dear Freedom's rugged service;

Than the pastime of the Slave;

Better is the storm above it than the quiet of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury

All our idle feuds in dust;

And to our cords contract

Moral faith and common trust;

Always he who forsooth in his brother is most just;

From the eternal shadow round;

All our sun and starlight here,

Voices of our lost ones sounding

Bid us to heart and cheer.

Through the gloom, down the spaces, falling on the in-

ward eye.

Know we not our dead are looking

Downward with a sad surprise,

All our strife of words rebuking

With their mild and loving eyes?

Shall we cloud their brows?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us

Which have fallen in our way.

Let us do the work before us

Cheerly, bravely, while we may.

End the long night-sighed cometh, and with us it is

not day!

DEATH OF AN EX-EDITOR.—The Newburyport Herald, Tuesday, the 20th of March, in that town, was a man of a shortness of Ephraim W. Allen, Esq., aged 68 years. Mr. Allen was the conductor of the Herald for thirty years, interrupted by only one or two brief intervals of absence. He was distinguished for energy and industry, and his whole life, his literary career was the pursuit of the editor and the author of his works.

In those times the communication with Boston was slow, not unfrequently when important events were pending, Mr. Allen would prepare his paper for press, the day previous to its publication, and then proceed on to Boston, with his manuscript, and when he was found there, put it in type, work off the types, and with his own hand, and then distribute them himself to his subscribers.

Such devotion and industry, says the Herald, in any other period would have been rewarded with an ample fortune; but in the present state of society, and in the course of the most responsible and arduous in the community, as well as one of the most inadequately appreciated and poorly rewarded, he found himself, when he surrendered the Herald to the present proprietors, twelve years ago, in the possession of a very moderate competency, as the hard earnings and prudent savings of thirty years of untiring toil.

DEISION OF JUDGE PUTMAN IN THE CASE OF JAMES WATSON WEBB.—Temple of Keam: Judge Putman presiding.

The Judge has by his note, and in

another instant the Damocles will have his check)—is looking over yesterday's Courier and Enquirer, Judge, I notice that Webb continues to sit in the Oregon case as much as possible, as ever.

Judge Putman, Sir, let Webb sit in the Oregon case as much as possible, the world will never miss him for Webster.

DYING TWICE.—The New York Express tells us of a man named Susan Thompson, who came to death as consequence of being frozen to death, at Malvern, in Bedfordshire. This too had almost, but perhaps she deserved the double death and the consequence of being colored. The Express adds that she was found dead in her bed, in the morning.

How noiselessly the snow comes down! It may

feel, but never hear it. It is the charity.

And the Journal might have added, that in its

temperature it is still more like charity of the com-

mon sort.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.—Proposals will be received at Bridgeport until the 20th of March next, for relaying the Household Railroad with an R. Hall Special, which will be furnished at the cost of underwriting in Bridgeport on the 20th of February.

BRIDGEPORT, Feb. 14, 1845. E. MASON, Engineer.

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